

## Cold Feet

Spacey Jane

The right time  
Sitting on the front lawn  
I can't seem to take it  
Feelings of estrangement  
We'll Shake up  
Read my words back to me  
I can't seem to fake it  
Feelings of afraid

In dirty socks  
And bamboo pods  
In between a smoke-filled breaths  
Between the smoke-filled breaths

My mind's a playground  
Of half-thought thoughts  
And I can't get my head around it  
Aching with playground taunts  
I eat my words with appetite

And it's the wrong time  
Sitting on the back lawn  
You can't seem to take it  
Feelings of estrangement  
Shake up  
Say your words back to you  
You can't seem to fake it  
Feelings of afraid

In dirty socks  
And bamboo pods  
In between a smoke-filled breaths  
Between the smoke-filled breaths

My mind's a playground  
Of half-thought thoughts  
And I can't get my head around it  
Aching with playground taunts  
I eat my words with appetite

Lying in my bed right next to me  
(With cold feet)  
I can't see your face  
It's the coldest day I've felt  
(For ages)  
And I can't read without  
Turning pages  
When everything  
Is nothing

My mind's a...